



# Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.  
BUFFALO, MAY 5, 1855.

Reader, Reflect on this.

If you are wealthy and care nothing for yourself and yours, what we are about to say will not be interesting to you. If you are wealthy and do care for the welfare of others, it will point out to you a means of doing good with a portion of your wealth, without diminishing it. If you are in ordinary circumstances, or if you are dependent on your labor for means of subsistence, it will interest you deeply.

As society is now organized, in the old settlements of the country, those who are poor must remain poor, with the exception of those who are naturally gifted with the money-making capacity of mind, and have no other prominent ideas or passions to take precedence and lead them from that pursuit. And those, among the moneyless classes, who accumulate wealth by the constant employment of their minds and energies in that direction, must necessarily have their whole souls absorbed in it; be incapable of enjoying any thing of a more exalted nature, have all their social feelings and affections blunted and palsied, gradually lose all sense of philanthropy, benevolence and justice, and become the purse-keepers, night-guards and bond slaves of cold, calculating, grasping and avaricious Avarice. And a life thus commenced—speaking in general terms—must thus progress and thus end; for there is much more hope of redemption from any other vice to which peccable humanity is prone, than from that of all-grasping and all-absorbing avarice. All general laws admit some exceptions; but the exceptions from the general operation of this law of avarice, are indeed

Of all the lives that man lives in this world, if we except lives of continual debauchery and crime, the life of a man whose soul is totally absorbed by avarice, is the most slavish and demoralizing, and the most debasing to the intellect and spirit. The avaricious man may occasionally feel a gleam of hope that, when his accumulations swell to an amount which his mind has fixed as a limit, he shall cease his accumulating efforts and live the life of a happy nabob, which is the heaven-on-earth of his soul's highest aspirations. But his experience proves these hopes illusive constantly, for he finds his fixed limit unfixed and ascending higher and higher, as he approaches it. The man who, at the commencement of his career of accumulation, could take an oath that he would be forever satisfied with an estate of twenty thousand dollars, will feel more avaricious and grasping than ever, when his inventory amounts to twenty millions. And how does he enjoy himself? Death, to him, is truly "the King of terrors." He cannot bear to think of it. He has thus far had no comfort in this world, and has laid up no treasure that he can take with him to the next state of existence. He almost curses God for not making the earth-life eternal, and only hopes that the end of this life will be the end of his existence. Thus it is—that it ever has been—that it ever will be with every worshipper of mammon. Then, man of mind—man of reflection—why enter into the scramble for wealth? The promise of enjoyment which it holds out, is a false promise. It never was realized—it never will be realized. Then take the better way.

Our country is broad, fertile and free. We are free, without any allusion to its institutions. The soil is free, comparatively speaking. Any company of twenty or more families can muster, within their own means, enough to provide themselves a sufficient area of soil to afford them means of subsistence for life, with ordinary industry and economy. Why should not those who now sell their labor to capitalists, club their means and go to those lands and be comfortable and happy? Home is anywhere and everywhere, where the greatest amount of happiness can be enjoyed. Any man who possesses the qualities of a good citizen, can select, from among the whole number with whom he is acquainted, a sufficient number of families whom he would be pleased to have as neighbors and friends, to form a community of which he would delight to be a member. A nucleus of three families, who will cast aside all prejudices and choose according to the dictates of judgment, can select and organize an emigrating community of twenty families, in whom will be found all the elements of social happiness, and who will unite their means and energies for the purpose of removing and settling where their external circumstances will be improved ten fold; where the grasping hand of satanic avarice would not seize upon the fruits of their toil; where a common religious sentiment, which they should be careful to take with them, could be enjoyed without molestation; and where intellectual culture and spiritual elevation would take precedence, and hold sovereignty over mere animal and sensual passions and propensities.

Such a community would be a nursery of mind. It would be a garden in which souls would germinate, grow up to maturity and ripen for the next state of existence, without being spotted with the leprosy of false theologies or warped, stunted and dwarfed by the imbibement of illiberal principles, by examples of bad morals, or by the rifehood of absurd philosophies. Such a community, away from selfishness, apart from palpable error and flagrant wrong; with social harmony and brotherly love prevailing, would be a terrestrial paradise—a heaven on earth. In such a community, where no one would covet that which belonged to his neighbor, nor be envious of his enjoy-

ments, labor would be delightsome; rest would be grateful and refreshing; life would be joyous and happy. All this, with the exercise of energy and self-cultivation, is within the reach of those who are now toiling away their lives in physical and intellectual poverty and wretchedness, heaping up wealth in the coffers to their oppressors, who are heaping up misery for themselves in time to come.

One man of wealth, whose soul is not encased in the hardened steel of avarice, might lead fifty families to such a condition of happiness, without prejudice to himself, and feast upon their gratitude and love, and enjoy the approbation of his own conscience, for the whole remainder of life, and find himself a thousand fold richer, in the life to come, than if he had devoted the remnant of his days to the augmentation of his useless hoard.

## A Visitor.

On Monday last, we received a visit from one who did not ask money of us; but who did, very modestly, ask for a notice of his claim upon the sympathies of the humane and philanthropic. The vesture with which his mother, Nature, had clothed him, was of the African dye, and his hair was crisp. Otherwise, he seemed very much like other men; though not like most of those who look scornfully upon their human brethren on account of those two physical characteristics; for he, manifestly, had a soul of goodly dimensions and superior qualities. His facial *indicia* and phrenological organization, as far as we are capable of judging, betokened native intellect of no inferior order; and his deportment told us of humility, candor and moral integrity. There was no negro in his conversation. A blind man would have had no suspicion that his skin was of the same hue, or that he had ever been the chattel property of a slave-holder.

He produced from his pocket-book, his manuscript papers, showing that his master, who was ELEAZER WOODS, of Dyer County, Tennessee, had set him free, in the manner prescribed by law, for the consideration of \$750, to him in hand paid, by his said slave, whose name is ELICK Woods—the latter being derived from his master. These manuscript documents were executed with all the formalities, signatures of Judges and Clerks of Courts and seals of counties, made necessary by the statute in such case made and provided. We particularly observed one provisionary clause of the instrument conveying to ELICK the fee-simple of his own body and soul. This was a condition that he should, forever thereafter, stay outside of the geographical boundaries of his native State, on pain of being remanded into life-long servitude.

ELICK has seven children there, in slavery, whose mother, by the aid of him who rides the pale horse, was emancipated some time since. There is no clause in the law by which she was set free, requiring her to stay outside of Tennessee, or pain of re-enslavement. She, therefore, can visit her seven children in bondage, as often as natural tenderness prompts her to do so, which we doubt not is of very frequent occurrence. ELICK, on the contrary, must never see his children again, unless he can procure their emancipation. Having a kindly disposition; an affectionate nature; a fatherly, sympathetic heart; ELICK yearns for the freedom of his offspring. He is fit to be their counsellor and moral guide. He is now traveling through the country, asking the aid of those who can sympathize with him, to enable him to purchase the emancipation of his family. The price demanded is four thousand dollars for the whole.

**The Rantoul Case—Spiritual Discussion—George White—Trying the Witnesses, &c.**

MESSRS. EDITORS.—It no doubt will be collected by your readers, that soon after the close of the Spiritual Discussion—a correspondent of yours, suggested the propriety of "trying the *Witnesses*"—as well as the Spirits—and referred particularly to some facts stated by me relative to the settlement of the estate of the late Robt. Rantoul, Jr.

He produced two witnesses to disprove my statement—one the father of said Rantoul, who said that he had nothing to do with the estate and had no knowledge of the facts referred to. The other was a Mr. George White—one of the Commissioners of the estate—who ignored the whole subject, and declared the "story absurd."

Following the example and advice of your correspondent—I have taken the liberty of "trying his witness" White—and also have attempted to prove the perfect truthfulness of the lady who was my informant, and the *reality* of the facts themselves; with what success, your readers must judge. The statement would have been furnished long ere this, but for the sickness and absence of Mrs. Kenison. I have received several quite lengthy and very interesting letters from Mrs. K., detailing many other equally remarkable facts, relative to that estate, coming from the spirit of R. Rantoul, Jr. She states also—and that other witnesses can testify to the same fact—that Mr. White declared that he and Mr. Rantoul, in his lifetime, spent a whole day in search for the papers referred to, but could not find them, and gave them up as lost, and that had Mr. W. followed the directions given through her, a large amount of property would have been saved the estate, which how has been lost.

In conclusion, let me ask the candid reader, upon what possible theory, save the spiritual, can these facts be accounted for—Mrs. K. states explicitly that she is not a clairvoyant—not acquainted with Mr. R. in his life time, and has no knowledge of his affairs whatever, save as written through her hand. To deny the testimony, is absurd, as various other witnesses can be procured to the same facts.

It was impossible at the time to push the search farther, as the difficulty of respiration increased every moment, but it is to be continued with the greatest care. There is much excitement among the curious, who are lost in conjectures as to the uses of this mysterious and funeral cavern.

## "Confirmation strong as proof of holy writ."

It will be remembered by those who took note of the spiritual discussion at Cleveland, or who have since read the proceedings as published, that Mr. STERLING, on the part of the affirmative, in attempting to refute the position of PRO. MAHAN, that spiritualism was productive of no practical benefit to man in the flesh, alluded to the alledged fact that the spirit of ROBERT RANTOUL, JR., had given a communication, through a lady medium, of the name of MRS. KENISON, informing Mr. GEORGE WHITE, who was the acting commissioner of his estate, of the whereabouts of certain important papers, for which they—RANTOUL and WHITE—had searched with much diligence, but without success, in the lifetime of the former. These papers, as was alledged by the communicating spirit, contained evidences of claims which would advantage his estate, to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and be beneficial to his heirs and creditors. Mr. S. affirmed that this information turned out to be correct; that the papers were found by WHITE, in pursuing the directions of the spirit; that they contained the important evidence affirmed of them; and that the estate was benefited to a large amount by their discovery.

Hereupon a Mr. GEORGE BRADBURN, who was sometimes an orthodox clergyman, and was still imbued with the spirit, denied the truth of Mr. STERLING's allegation, and volunteered to "try the spirit," by writing for information on the subject, to Mr. WHITE, the said commissioner, who, if any one knew the facts, must be the most reliable witness. He accordingly wrote to Mr. WHITE, who was attorney and trustee for the RANTOUL estate, in forming him of the statement made by Mr. STERLING, and desiring him to give him the facts of the case. Soon a response was received from Mr. WHITE, denying, in toto, that any such aid had been received through spiritual communications, and affirming that the whole was a wicked and ridiculous fraud and falsehood.

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The following says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, from the Cleveland *Herald* o the 10th inst., fully explains itself. The communication referred to was written by GEO. BRADBURN, Esq., but was not intended, we presume, to impair the confidence of the public in the well known integrity of MR. STERLING. He might have been misinformed—but from the statements now made, it appears that his judgment was as reliable as his information was truthful.

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ENCOURAGING.—The London *Times* speaks of the United States as "one of the first nations of the world."

## Red Jacket's rejection of Christianity.

Red Jacket, the head chief of the Seneca nation, was justly famed for his adroitness as a diplomatist, as well as for his powers as an orator. His wisdom was equal to his eloquence in council; and no exterior design of the paleface could be so concealed by sophistry and blandishments as to escape the detection of his keen scrutiny. He was as tenacious of the religion of his ancestry as he was of the ample heritage of hunting grounds which his nation possessed. Much observation had taught him that the much boasted religion of the whites had failed to make them charitable, kind, loving or even just to each other. He had observed that they practised all kinds of deception and fraud, not only towards the red men, but towards each other; and he could not believe that a religious faith could be good or true, the fruits of which were so bitter and unsavory.

Hence his very courteous, though prompt dismissal of the Rev. Mr. ALEXANDER, a missionary sent to him from a religious society in the city of New York. His speech, on this occasion, was delivered in May, 1811, in a council convened for the purpose, at Buffalo Creek. We copy the speech from "THATCHER'S Indian Biography."

"Brother!"—The Orator began, with a complaisance which never, under any excitement, deserted him,—"Brother!—We listened to the talk you delivered us from the Council of Black-Coats,\* in New-York. We have fully considered your talk, and the offers you have made us. We now return our answer, which we wish you also to understand. In making up our minds, we have looked back to remember what has been done in our days, and what our fathers have told us was done in old times.

"Brother!—Great numbers of black-Coats have been among the Indians. With sweet voices and smiling faces, they offered to teach them the religion of the white people. Our brethren in the East listened to them. They turned from the religion of their fathers, and took up the religion of the white people. What good has it done? Are they more friendly one to another than we are? No, Brother! They are a divided people—we are united. They quarrel about religion—we live in love and friendship. Besides, they drink strong waters. And they have learned how to cheat, and how to practice all the other vices of the white people, without imitating their virtues. Brother!—If you wish us well, keep away; do not disturb us.

"Brother!—We do not worship the Great Spirit as the white people do, but we believe that the forms of worship are indifferent to the Great Spirit. It is the homage of sincere hearts that pleases him, and we worship him in that manner.

"According to your religion, we must believe in a Father and Son, or we shall not be happy hereafter. We have always believed in a Father, and we worship him as our old men taught us. Your book says that the Son was sent on earth by the Father. Did all the people who saw the Son believe him? No! they did not. And if you have read the book, the consequence must be known to you.

"Brother!—You wish us to change our religion for yours. We like our religion, and do not want another. Our friends here, [pointing to Mr. Granger, the Indian Agent, and two other whites] do us great good; they counsel us in trouble; they teach us how to be comfortable at all times. Our friends the Quakers do more. They give us ploughs, and teach us how to use them. They tell us we are accountable beings. But they do not tell us we must change our religion. We are satisfied with what they do, and with what they say.

"Brother!—For these reasons we cannot receive your offers. We have other things to do, and beg you to make your mind easy, without troubling us, lest our heads should be too much loaded, and by and by burst."

\*His usual designation of Clergymen. An Indian Interpreter, and an Agent of the Society of Friends for improving the condition of the Indians.

**Adam's Fall Refuted by Earth's Rocky Records.**

We find on our desk a pamphlet written by ORIN ANTHONY with the above title. In running our eyes over the work we find that the author has used the animal remains in sedimentary rock to show that death reigned over the animal kingdom before man was made, and consequently that man being made under that law, was doomed to die by the law of his nature, whether he ate the apple or not. And that death was not a punishment for Adam's sin, but a wise provision of nature, to relieve the immortal spirit from the cumbersome house of clay; therefore that death is a blessing, not a curse to the human family. The rocks are his premises, and his conclusions are correspondingly stubborn. They sweep away the fall of man and the distinctive features of popular theology. And we see no way for theologians to evade the decisive force of the arguments.

The author also labors to show that Noah's flood had no existence—that the biblical history of the deluge clashes with nature's laws; and that Brahma astronomical, and Egyptian hieroglyphic records, made before Noah was born, have come down to us, leaving ample testimony that the people of those countries remained unharmed through the period of Noah's deluge. Likewise he shows that the bottom lands of the river Nile, constitute an irrefutable argument against the existence of such a flood, and also that every boulder or pebble with loose earth beneath it is an unimpeachable witness that no such flood has disturbed its quiet repose since a differently operating cause laid it in its present earthly bed, anterior to the existence of man.

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aid the enquiring mind in its search for truth. We see, by a notice on the cover, that HAWKS at the Postoffice, has it for sale.

Our principles are the springs of our actions, our actions the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.

A MONSTER FEE.—Eugene Casserly claims from the city of San Francisco \$15,000 as a fee for professional services.

## Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

|                         |           |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| FLOUR, extra            | per bbl.  | \$10.50 @ 11.00 |
| " com. to good West'n.  | "         | 10.50 @ 10.00   |
| BUCKWHEAT               | per sack  | 4.62 @ 5.25     |
| INDIANNED               | "         | 2.00            |
| PORK, new               | \$17.50   | " \$18          |
| Dressed hogs, per cwt.  | "         | 15.00           |
| FISH, white             | "         | \$8.50          |
| " "                     | hlf "     | 4.75            |
| SALT, fine              | "         | 2.00            |
| " coarse                | "         | 9.25            |
| " trout                 | "         | 8.00            |
| " "                     | hlf "     | 4.25            |
| Eggs                    | per doz.  | 16 @ 17         |
| Butter                  | per lb.   | 2.50 @ 2.75     |
| LINEN                   | "         | 12 @ 15         |
| CLOTH                   | "         | 12 @ 12         |
| BLACKBERRIES, dried     | "         | 15              |
| PLUMS                   | "         | 18 @ 25         |
| CHERRIES                | "         | 6 @ 12          |
| Currants                | "         | 6 @ 12          |
| CORN                    | per bush. | 95 @ 100        |
| FLAX seed               | "         | 1.00 @ 1.25     |
| CLOVER                  | "         | 6.50 @ 0.60     |
| T. MOTHY                | "         | 3.50 @ 0.00     |
| OATS                    | "         | 50 @ 50         |
| APPLES, dried           | "         | 1.38            |
| " green                 | "         | 50 @ 75         |
| POTATOES                | "         | 87 @ 1.00       |
| ONIONS                  | "         | 75 @ 87         |
| DRESSED CHICKENS per lb | "         | 15c             |
| TURKEYS                 | "         | 15c             |

## SPIRITUALISM.

O. R. A DISCUSSION ON THE CAUSE AND EFFECT OF THE PHENOMENA, ATTRIBUTED TO THE SPIRITS OF DEPARTED HUMAN BEINGS, BY PRES. A. MAHAN, OF OBERLIN, AND PROF. EBEN. OF PHILADELPHIA. Joel Tiffany, and others—held at Cleveland, Feb. 20, 1855. Price 25 cent.

For sale by T. S. HAWKS, Post Office building.

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PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINQUENCIES OF CHARACTERS, BY R. P. WILSON, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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As my time is extensively occupied by patients soliciting aid and relief, and as the fees are moderate, and of any amount, would not be appreciated, I am compelled from necessity, to charge for my services in advance, to be graduated according to the means of the patient and the nature of the disease.

## G. ATWOOD.

Lockport, N.Y.

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N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

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# The Age of Progress.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

At No. 204 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## TERMS.

Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.

Single copies, five cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square sixteen lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

## Doings at Brooks' Spirit Room.

We omitted making any report, in our last number, because there had been nothing done but what we had previously witnessed and narrated.

Our friend, E. V. WILSON, of Toronto, C. W., authorised us, by letter, to ask permission of Mr. Brooks to visit his house, and bring with him his lady and some other friends, whom he named. Mr. B. referred the application to the spirits who preside at the circle in which we receive the lectures which we publish; and they turned us over to "Faen," the master musician and principal of physical manifestations. We were informed that Faen was not present, but that a messenger was dispatched for him, and that he would soon be there. And soon thereafter we were informed, through the raps, that he was present. We then made known to him the request of Mr. Wilson, and he kindly consented to receive him and his friends, and promised to entertain them as well as conditions would permit; appointing Saturday last for the company to meet.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. W. and lady arrived, and, in the evening, went to the spirit room. The other persons who were to come from Toronto, failing to arrive, others were admitted to make up the number. Here we were taught a lesson that some of us, at least, did not know before. Although the number was made up to what was expected, Faen found much difficulty in manifesting. He played on the piano very imperfectly; and it seemed that the entertainment was likely to prove a failure. We were now told, by the raps, to bring in the light and rest fifteen minutes.—The reason given for this was, that, as the same persons whom the spirits expected, did not come, they found it necessary to re-arrange their batteries to suit those who were admitted as substitutes. Hence it became evident that, when manifesting spirits are apprised of the company whom they are to entertain, they seek them all out, wherever they may be, and ascertain the electrical condition of their several physical and mental systems, that they may be enabled to calculate accurately, and balance their electrical forces in the arrangement of their spiritual batteries. By this we can see how necessary it is for those who seek those entertainments, to deal fairly with the spirits, and how improper it is for those not expected to attend, to thrust themselves in unbidden.—There are some who are so nicely balanced between the positive and negative temperaments, that their presence or absence makes no difference to the spiritual forces employed; but they are very few.

At the end of the fifteen minutes, we were called to order by the raps. Singing was called for; and the piano was played with much seeming ease and with no little artistic skill. To this was added ringing of the hand bell, playing the tambourine, cannonading and thunders.

Sometime during the evening, Mr. WILSON, who is an uncommonly impressible medium, was entranced, and a vision was presented to him, in three parts, which he described as it passed before his interior vision. We do not retain more than one part of this vision, nor this very perfectly. For an obvious reason, however, we will tell it as well as we can recollect it:

I see, said he, two armies encountering in deadly strife. I see the field strewed with thousands of dead and dying. I see something that appears like a terrible explosion, in which cannon, small arms, men and fragments of men, in all conditions of mutilation, together with masses of stone and earth, all ascending, whirling and tumbling in the air, and descending to the earth again. I now see a large black-board, on which there is inscribed in large characters: "The 14th and 15th of April."

On the following evening, which was that of Sunday last, I went to the house of friend Brooks, to get a lecture which was promised, and which I found ready for me. I also found friend Wilson and lady there, and one of his Toronto friends who failed to reach this city early enough to attend the circle on Saturday evening. This was Mr. Sisson, of Toronto.—We sat round the table for communications; but the spirits soon gave us to understand that we were to receive the second part of the previous evenings entertainment. The piano was then prepared; singing was called for, and Faen was on hand and commenced performing with much energy. The conditions were evidently rather than they were the night previous.

After playing a number of pieces, Mr. Wilson was impressed to leave his chair and go within a few feet of the piano and sit down upon the floor. He enquired of the presiding spirit if he had impressed him to do so; to which he readily responded in the affirmative. He obeyed; and soon the operator commenced giving us one of the most terrible battles that we have ever heard represented in any way. It appeared that the presence of Mr. W., in the position indicated by the spirit, increased his power to a great extent; and it seemed almost impossible that such awful explosions could be produced on a piano. As the battle raged fiercer and fiercer, Mr. W., who was entranced for the purpose, gave us a description, like one looking on from a neighboring eminence, of every thing which took place. It was the opinion of the company that this was the battle which was intended to be recorded on the black-board, which Mr.

W. saw the previous evening. It may be, however, that this was a fancy piece, gotten up for our entertainment on the occasion.

When this terrible scene was concluded, Faen shut up the piano, which he always does in token that the musical part of the entertainment is concluded. Mr. Wilson, who, besides being a very impressible medium, as we have before remarked, is one of the best speaking mediums we ever heard, and the best personating medium we ever saw. He was kept in the trance state, till four or five different spirits spoke through him. And when one communicating spirit gave way for another, there seemed to be no painful operation upon the medium, as is the case with many media, in such cases. A change of voice was all the evidence we should have had of a change of speakers, if they had not announced themselves by the raps; as they did in each case.

The first speaker was the spirit of the great NAPOLEON. His whole theme was the war raging in Europe. He still clung to his former prediction that another crowned head would fall before the end of the present year. He further said: "You need not expect the fall of Sebastopol. You need not expect peace to grow out of the Vienna conferences. You need not expect ALEXANDER to relax any of the rigid features of his fathers policy. You need not expect Prussia to join the western powers against Russia. You need not expect that Austria will act in good faith towards the western powers. You need not expect aid to the combined powers from the smaller German states; for they will soon be convulsed by a general revolution among themselves." He remarked upon the position of Hungary; the purport of which we cannot recollect. But we do remember that he followed up his predictions till he got the United States involved in the general melee of nations, and went on till he brought America out, sure enough, "The Queen of the world and the Child of the skies."

When NAPOLEON had finished, Professor DAYTON took possession of the mediums vocal organs, and spoke very eloquently of the lectures which we had received from Mr. LEAVITT. He commended the ability of the lecturer, but dissented from some of his positions. He thought he had a wrong idea of the utility of prayer; set too low a value upon the truths of the bible, and did not give sufficient credit for the good which had resulted to the world from the introduction of christianity. He said: Among the multitude of errors which might be found in the canonized books, there were a great many sparkling and valuable gems of truth, which must not be rejected and thrown away because of being found in bad company. We do not pretend to give his language, as we had no means of preserving it. His ideas are all that we have retained, and not half of them.

After this, Miss Brooks was entranced and taken possession of by the spirit of TECUMSEH, the great Indian warrior, who spoke through her in his native tongue; and, at the same time, the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH spoke through Mr. WILSON, and interpreted for Tecumseh. This was rather a novel feature in our spiritual intercourse.

At the conclusion of TECUMSEH's speech, Miss Brooks was restored to the normal state, but Mr. W. was continued on till, till he had made several very interesting representations of character. Among these was one death scene which was superior to any thing of the kind that we have ever seen enacted on the stage. One would think, to see him in these characters, that he had been connected with the drama the most of his life; whereas, he never stepped upon "the boards" nor entered a "green room" in his life.

Taking the performances of those two evenings together, they presented enough of spiritual phenomena to convince a whole army of the hardest headed skeptics, if they all happened to be honest enough to confess their convictions.

## Quality of Spiritual Communications.

The would-be-thought learned literary critic amuses himself much by pointing out the imperfections of spiritual literature. What says, he, will you attempt to palm this communication upon me as having come from EMANUEL SWEDENBORG? Why, the style is no more like SWEDENBORG's than it is like BIG KETTLE'S.

What is style? It is supposed to be some personal peculiarity in handling those vehicles, by means of which ideas are conveyed from mind to mind. It is supposed to be perceptible in the combination of the words of a language into phrases and sentences. Here arises a question which learned men will probably find it difficult to settle, but which small critics can dispose of without any trouble. It is this: Can this thing called style, which characterizes the writings of an author, so as to enable his readers to identify his productions, be transmitted from one language to another, the idiomatic structures of which are radically different? And can he who has been accustomed to read the writings of an author, in the original language, recognize an article of his in another language, which article he has never seen in the original? If these questions may be answered in the affirmative, there is a bare possibility that he who is a good Latin and English scholar, may discover in SWEDENBORG's present English, the style which was observable in his Latin of another century. But it is our opinion that style cannot be thus transmitted, so as to be recognized in a foreign language. But even if it could, how, in the name of wonder, do those little *pollitoes* who wiggle themselves along on the surface of English literature, never having made the acquaintance of the Latin language, manage to decide so promptly that the communications purporting to come from SWEDENBORG, through Dr.

DEXTER, differ widely in style from his writings in the flesh, which were exclusively in Latin?

Again; what does it prove, if the communicating spirit which subserves his own emanation, SWEDENBORG, be not SWEDENBORG? Does it prove that he is nobody—that he is not a spirit? Is that fact any thing for a skeptic to hang an argument upon, that the spirits do not communicate with mortals? If so, then the politician who writes a political article and appends to it the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON, DANIEL WEBSTER or HENRY CLAY, is not a human being. He has no existence. The fact that spirits can and do communicate, will account for what would be otherwise unaccountable. It accounts for the fact that many things are published in journals otherwise ably conducted, that would put an editor to the blush if he were accused of producing them.

Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, sisters and brothers, receive messages of love from deceased friends who had little or no literary abilities while in the flesh, and who have not therein made any improvement since. These messages, though couched in simple phrase, and not garnished with literary tinsel, are invaluable treasures to the hearts of those surviving friends who know that they come from the affections of their dear departed ones; and it affords them exquisite pleasure to see them in print. Sometimes they come in uncouth rhymes, which are laughed at by scorers for not being a high order of poetry. The author is, probably, the spirit of a child, or of an illiterate adult, who does not know the difference between elevated poetry and commonplace doggerel. Yet they are choice morsels to surviving friends. We can see, and are ready to acknowledge, the want of high poetical genius in such productions; and if they came from spirits in the flesh, we should promptly reject them. But, coming, as they do, from innocent, simple and loving minds that have passed into the second state of existence, we feel a disposition to let them be heard and to gratify their surviving friends.

As respects the great names which are so frequently appended to spiritual communications, whether prose or rhyme, we see no reason why an excommunicate contributor should not have the privilege of using an assumed or fictitious name, as well as those who have fingers of bone and muscle. Nor do we feel under any more obligation to believe that a communicating spirit is the identical spirit whose signature he uses, than we are to believe that the corporeal contributor to the columns of a newspaper, is the venerable author of the Declaration of Independence, because he sub-scribes himself "JEFFERSON."

## Buffalo Spiritual Conference.

On Sabbath last, we had two able lectures from O. S. LEAVITT, Esq. We were sorry that the hall was not better filled, for the lectures, though not in accordance with the sentiments of many, were interesting and instructive. There were two reasons why the hall was not filled as it usually is: The first was, that no lectures were expected on that day, and the notice in our paper was not seen as generally as it would have been if we had gone to press at our usual hour. The second was, that it rained during the whole afternoon hour of going to church; so that there were but two or three ladies present, and not half the usual number of gentlemen.

Let it be borne in mind that we are to have Rev. C. HAMMOND to lecture on Sunday next, forenoon and afternoon.

## Lecture No. 13.—By Stephen R. Smith.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

## SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

As man is the ultimate production of a Divine Being, so must he be controlled by the principles belonging to all creative things. Man has an imperfect mental as well physical organization; hence his actions must be characterized by the incompleteness of his inner and outer construction. The soul desires the pure and holy teachings and influences of the invisible world of thought and wisdom, whilst the physical organization seeks the attractions of imperfect nature. Thus we see there are too separate and distinct elements brought into conjunction by the various laws and powers of development, in the construction of man, rendering his being incomplete and uncultivated. But with all the incompleteness of human nature, the uncultivated intuition of the mind becomes inspired by active thought and contemplation, to know more of the soul's endless existence; and when the primary teachings produce a crude and undefined faith, the logical facilities begin to unfold and are exercised upon all scientific and ethical themes of thought. The dark forebodings which superstition has thrown over the speculations of the human mind, concerning the truths and probabilities of another world, are rapidly passing away, while each individual mind, if it thinks independently and legitimately upon the vast subject of a perfect superior power, would conceive in his mind a being fashioned like himself, only surpassing him in perfections.

Each mind has a home and a God, somewhere in the regions of invisible creation, which corresponds with his own spiritual attributes, but are much more perfect. We may take the minds of any nation, whether it may be a heathen or a civilized nation, and we will find that each mind has a prototype God, whom it worships. The free and unsophisticated Indian becomes overwhelmed with love and gratitude in his wild sequestered haunts, as he meditates upon the wonders of the Great Spirit. His reasonings are of nature, full of beauty and diversity, and he reverences the Great Spirit as a Being whose demonstrations

in nature are ever powerful and enduring, while he gives full hope to the untrammelled feelings of his native or interior being. The African, though his mind is feeble and does not stand upon an equality with the European or American mind, feels, within, the divinity of his independent faculties, and has a God imaged upon its inner nature, in exact correspondence with itself. The Pagan has his ideal God; and according to the state of his own individual mind, will be the God of the Pagan; the difference consisting only in the magnitude and power of a God—not in the character of such a Being. Thus might we traverse on, noting the peculiarities of each nation or general or individual mind; but these truths and examples are manifested hourly before you, and you can learn, from the open page of nature, the laws of God and their effect upon the human mind. The teachings of men, which are now woven into creeds, always bear an impress of the character and virtues of those men; and so it is with all teachings. The teachings which spontaneously flow from immortal minds, are a full and perfect representation of the developments and purity of spirit. They teach you to learn and advance towards truth and goodness, and open to you the broad avenues of knowledge, that you may inculcate the true principles of nature and your own being.

There is a principle of the nature of the spirit, which is of itself capable to generate noble aspirations in the soul of the most illiterate and degraded; and this principle impels the crudest mind to seek for higher comprehensions and understandings. Spirits have no object in returning to your home, if it be not to teach the human soul that gentleness and kindness of heart, which lies buried beneath those cares and disappointments of life. The incompleteness of human existence is rendered still more incomplete, by the failure of mind to understand the true object and mission of the spirit on earth. Spirits come to you to infuse into your souls loftier comprehensions which may absorb those outward influences which are so often felt within the human heart. They come to show forth the evidences of harmony and love which characterize their existence, and establish the same harmonic principle upon earth. They come to soften and beautify the rugged parts of the soul, by the constant action and operation of the laws of God upon the spiritual nature, thereby making your life more beautiful and glorious. The sympathetic soul cannot but derive joy and happiness from the knowledge that it will positively meet with the loved ones who have gone to their eternal home a little while before. In the spirit land, the reflex of thought is met and stands distinct upon each countenance. The spirit realizes its own attributes—it derives its own pre-eminences from its development, and is ever manifesting its freedom and liberty by an independent and individualized manifestation of its power to think and act. This is an object they desire to accomplish upon earth, that man shall have the same disposition and ability to manifest the pure and free indications of his real nature, and not use the strongest efforts to conceal the emotions of the soul, thus causing other minds to become deceived as to the actual goodness and wisdom you possess.

Let us suppose that man was only created to live and enjoy an earthly life: how many would there be who would strive to render their lives happy by contributing to the happiness of others? The number would be less than at the present age, who could wish to be happy and make others so, because then the soul would say I have no God to whom the demands of my nature must call for nourishment; nor must my inner voice respond to the calling of nature. There would then be no fear or love of God or of heaven; for the soul would become nothing while the cold sepulchre of death would be the spot to receive the moans and tears of many thousand bleeding hearts. This feeble teaching would but make the world colder, and death would be feared, while the death bed would reel beneath the body as it fought for a continuance of life, knowing that both soul and body must be resolved into the element of external nature. Then let us suppose there is a Heaven and a Hell. What is the effect of this teaching upon the mind and happiness of humanity? Mind would throw off its responsibility upon the ministers of this doctrine, by sinning and then seeking repentance at the sacred altar of holy worship, while beneath all their repenting sentiments, there would exist an evil design. Such a soul, then, would find a home in heaven, while the free thinking mind must writh in endless agony or torment. The effect of such a doctrine upon the mind is this: It trammels the natural exercise of free thought, and the latent properties of mind are not evolved by the principle that should develop and refine every spirit, and in its primary state, it would not learn the fundamental principles of its eternal existence. Hence its primary lessons would be those of material gratification, rather than spiritual elevation; and it would be folly to attempt to estimate the number that must be sent to perdition, according to such a theological fallacy or doctrine. Let us now take the truth. Let us speak of the spirit world as it is, and of the spirit as it loudly calls for liberty, while the chains of mental slavery are clanking upon the broad field of humanity. Of what value are the teachings of the immortal mind, if they are not to control the acts of men in their daily routine? Spiritual intercourse though now an embryo, emanated not from the same womb that has given birth to the infidelity that is so fearfully spreading over your nations; nor is it a midshipman of the past; but it has come from God. It is the rudimental and fundamental principle of creation, and cannot fail to purify and better the

earth and in the spirit land, are rejoicing at the corruption and discord which is presented to the mind; and can you wonder at this when most of you are making the already broad field of iniquity longer and longer by every wrong thought and action? Nay, we wonder not at this frailty of incomplete existence, and therefore we come to bear to you the true word of God, that you may earnestly strive to live a pure life, and find such an one in heaven. Stern duties call us back to you, and while we bring to you truths as pure and loving as heaven can give, so do we constantly give utterance to every thought, and progress upward and onward to God. We stand, in our individuality, free, but bound by the ties of eternity to the infinite Source of Truth. The heart may sight for the truth; but when it comes to the brush of heaven and conflicts with primary lessons of religion, it is rejected: but it can never be made false.

You have gone along thus far boldly towards heaven. Every hour brings you nearer your eternal birth; and have you lost no time in your search for the truth? Have you developed in yourselves the capacities to do good, that you may be able to disseminate those attributes for the good of others? Stand on the high mount of wisdom and truth and throw away those selfish faculties that have long been fostered and cherished by men. They have been effective in enthralling man and chaining him in subjection to the will of his fellow man. This is an arbitrary power, and its influence upon the weak intellect is fearful. It has stoned into the world of freedom of thought, and has mingled its false influence with the pure innocence that might arise in heavenly fragrance, and united its jarring notes with the proud song of liberty and justice. Believe our teachings. Let them control your every act; for their effect upon your souls will be eternal and beautiful.

In haste, yours,  
STEPHEN R. SMITH.

They not only prove the identity of life and intelligence in man, but that, beneath your own soil, there are living creatures manifesting the elements of life and intelligence, and even coming up from their dark abiding place, to receive the light and nourishment of nature. In the deep and almost immeasurable ocean, there are, beneath its mighty waters, creatures manifesting life and intelligence; for out of the simple grain of sand they will elaborate mighty rocks, and, out of the simple pebble they will evolve types of nature which delight the human eye and call forth the deep admiration of the soul.

What power is it that can sustain life, human life, beneath an immense body of water, or can sustain the life of creatures when immersed in the bosom of earth? What forces and causes produce such a harmony of effects? The causes are invisible, but the effects are perceptible to the outer vision. Why are there so many demonstrations of causes, while the effects produced seem entirely different? Because nature must have, in every department, its varieties to fill up or constitute its perfect completeness. Nature must have its adapted uses in these innumerable creations, for the atmosphere becomes dense and impure, and this department requires some power to absorb the grosser elements of the air you inhale, and convey them to their proper position in creation. Thus you see the insects and living creatures you are constantly crushing beneath your own feet, are as necessary to your existence as are the elements of your outward organization; for, without them, the surrounding element of your being would be constantly collecting grosser particles of atomic creation, while the unrefined element of life might be greater than you require: hence in such a condition of nature, you could not live. Nature must have its absorbers, to separate the refined elements of human life from the grosser elements. Thus we can perceive that all and every creation in nature, is adapted to its proper use by these lower and grosser manifestations of life and intelligence.

How truly is it said, "in my Father's house there are many mansions;" for every creation you behold in the departments of nature, has its relation to the higher spiritual mansion, where they may work in grandeur and perfect harmony. In these many mansions, the great law of love is showing forth itself in their manifestations of regard for the refinement and elevation of one another, and in the suppression of that self element which casts a dark cloud over the human soul.

In the floral department of nature, you deeply admire the harmony and unity of those beautiful beings, and extract from them the inward nourishment to satisfy your own desire. In the humble shrub the same principle exists, and so on, in all other creations. These beauties of nature are not engraved upon the grains of sand on the oceans shore, but are written upon the bright bosom of nature, by an Almighty hand.

When the spring time appears, how fondly do we await the coming of those beauties and glories formed alone in the floral department of creation, and how many forms do we see trip lightly over hill and dale, over rock and stream, to gather the flowers which the spring season ushers forth from their long confinement? And though they hide themselves in the deep shade of the forest, yet the human eye traces out their hiding place, and prizes them as objects of good, being loved both for their native beauty and innate virtues. Yet how beautifully glorious would be the warm beating heart, if when, in the spring time of life, as it chases some bright hope over the rugged way of an uncertain future, it would confine itself to the real and present, enjoying the flowers of life as their fragrance falls upon the inward mainspring of cheerfulness and peace. Contentment is the most beautiful flower found in the floral department of the human heart; for as its petals open to receive the refreshing dew drops of affection and sympathy, it blooms far more beautifully than when surrounded by the last lovely flowers of nature. It might be uncultivated and crude, if not fostered by a gentle influence and planted in congenial soil. Then let the interior gardener of human nature, cultivate the seeds of the heart, and they will triumphantly bloom amid the elements of outward nature. There is no flower in nature or in the human heart but what God is in it. Every day and hour should add to the progression of your spiritual and intellectual faculties; for where the thought is broken up in the heart, for want of refinement, and gives no utterance, how shall you know and appreciate one another? O, strive to cultivate your spiritual attributes, that you may understand the human heart; for you know that its impulses are strange and wrong at times, till that interior prompter bids it be silent and learn the true source of justice and enjoyment. Be free and happy and contemplate the glorious future, where, in your Father's house there is a mansion prepared for all objects of his love and mercy.

I am yours,  
FANNY FORESTER.

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## An Address.

By J. B. FERGUSON, of NASHVILLE, TENN.

[BR. QUINBY.—Allow me to trespass on your kindly consideration, by laying the following Address upon the privileges of spirit intercourse, before your readers. I present it to you just as it was written, without a break, and so far as I am able to judge, without one personal or partisan consideration. It grows out of my most matured convictions, and makes its appeal to those of all parties who desire to be true to themselves, and to God over all.—J. B. F.]

## PRAYER.

All-helping Spirit, aid me to think clearly and speak impressively to these, Thy creatures. One humble power of Thought, with its immortal instincts, we would turn to Thee. Our knowledge is very limited; our judgment imperfect; our love grow cold, and our hearts harden in selfishness; while our feet often wander in the thorny paths of wrong-doing and sorrow. Give us the wings of faith and pure desire, that we may, for this hour, at least, fly away from the perplexities of weak and misguided judgment; the oppression of care, and the heart-stings of unworthy affections and fears. How wide, O! God! the gulf between the clear skies of Thy unfailing love, and the low, dark clouds of our ignorance and the benighted places of our gross indulgences! But Thou dost pity and help us, as our souls bear testimony every day. Thy beneficent smile, spread o'er the face of Nature, gives rays of light to our dark pathway, and the inspirations of Thy good Spirit warm our hearts to love and adoration. Unreservedly we must commit ourselves and our interests to Thy guiding wisdom, hopefully trusting that we shall be taught that truth which shall never die; gain that treasure that shall never corrupt; secure that faith that shall always deliver, and that delight, angelic, that shall illuminate the gateway of death with hope eternal! O fit us for the heavenly light and life. May we feel the impulses of immortal souls, and anticipate, with satisfying foretastes, the welcome and bliss of our future homes. Bless us with desire and power to bless others, in both word and deed. May we feel poor with thy poor, lonely with thy orphans sorrowful with thy cast down and disconsolate ones, that we may be elevated together. May sickness, distress and misery find us ever ready to minister, both with our sympathy and substance. May our lives be more consistent than our words can possibly be, and become sermons of practical devotion to duty and peace. And in the inner depths of our souls may we feel Thy peace, so pure, so full, that we may triumphantly pass amid all conflict, to that glorious Heaven to which Thou hast lifted our purest desires and holiest anticipations; and to Thee, ever-blessed Father, be the glory eternal—AMEN.

## ADDRESS.

And now, having prayed, we have scarcely faith in ourselves, our follies, or in our God, to proceed. The chilly influences of the cold and selfish controversies of the religious leaders of the people, incapacitate us to speak with living power and to hear with meditative and inspiring interest. They have suppressed Thought, and the suppression of Thought is the most deadly infidelity possible to the human mind; it is the heresy of heresies, and the atheism of the church. By thought we are elevated above the brute; take our appointed rank in the scale of accountable being; gain the agencies by which to purify our grossness and ally ourselves to all Christ-like intelligences and God-like purposes. It is the talisman of power to the human soul, and only in its free exercise can it be loving and helpful amid the trials of a frail humanity. It alone can make Truth our own conviction, duty our personal choice, holiness and Heaven our desire, and delight; for it is the medium alike for all earthly and heavenly influences upon rational intelligences; for all earthly, as the negative basis upon which, and in which, the pure positive power of God may operate to secure our refinement and progress, and the advancement of the world. Let us charitably hear, then, that we may judge justly and act considerately towards all the influences and persons with which we have our discipline.

There is a very current, and, in many circles of society, a somewhat popular idea, that all light upon man's spiritual or immortal relations, was made to shine in the past ages of human history, and that it is alike irreverent and preposterous to seek further knowledge or confirmation in the higher developments of mind and triumphs of knowledge that have marked succeeding, and characterize the present generations. We esteem this idea as the offspring of a false, not to say idolatrous, reverence of the past, tending to enslave and degrade human nature, and corrupt the native birth-right and holiest privileges of the soul: the birth-right of Thought, and the privilege of forming our convictions according to the light we enjoy from the ever-unfolding and eternal sources of wisdom and help in God. The idea is predicated upon an absurdity. It is that the nature of God is changeable. For if God be the same, and his purpose without variation, then it cannot be possible that one mind in one age can arrive at the knowledge of Truth, and another mind be denied the privilege. In other words: what is possible to one mind, under the same conditions, is possible to all. If, therefore, God is the same, and the human mind the same, no discovery of Truth, possible to one age, can be rendered impossible to another. Every attainment, therefore, gained by Prophet or Philosopher, is but a revelation of a possibility to any mind equally true to its nature and privileges. Beside, the opposite idea would make God a respecter of persons and people, and thus give foundation for all the

partial, passionate and revengeful character ascribed to him by the childish systems of Heathenism, and the sectarian controversies and creeds of Christendom, which the enlightened votaries of each can never believe, to be true, and which the enslaved receive more often, than hope or faith.

Again: The idea, that all religious truth is confined to the past age, and that all we have to do is to memorize and interpret, (or, if I might speak from the practical effects of that interpretation, I would say) or quarrel over that truth and its application, is founded upon a mistaken view of Truth itself. It supposes that Truth can be mapped and bounded—can be limited if not exhausted. It is the common mistake in childish life, when we imagine our home, our parents and friends the greatest of mankind, and our interests and pleasures the full measure of the purposes of God. It is pardonable in a child—is evidently necessary for his dangerous and disciplinary stages of progress; but here, as in all things, we should seek a state of Thought and Piety in which to dispense with childish things. Truth never was exhausted—never was made less. The spiritual relationships of man are infinite, because they connect us with God, who is connected with all. We cannot embrace the idea of one God, without being compelled to this thought, and hence the knowledge of God is the eternal life of the soul, for it connects it with all life, and its progress consists in finding, using and enjoying that connection. Whoever made a truth less by stating it, or applying it? The estimate of it may have been made less, as in the vain attempts to circumscribe all truth in a creed, but the exhaustless fountain flows on, and—as it flows forever will flow on; for its source is in God, the All of Truth, to whom we are connected as we are assimilated more and more to his nature and perfections. We may discover truth, but we cannot make it. We may apply it in exquisite and beautiful skill; but we can never exhaust it. And every man being born with an immortal nature as a semblance of his God, is born with immortal instincts for God's truth; and only as he sees and uses it for himself, is he happy, hopeful or man-like. He, for himself, and not for another, has his God to find and adore; the Christ-like spirit, or, amounting of that God to enjoy and increase, and the endless chain that binds him to the spiritual universe to discover and brighten. This I know, though once I knew it not; but the knowledge I cannot directly impart; for no one could impart it to me, as my experience, however blissful it may have been as theirs; but I can state it, after the manner of the ancient Prophets and Apostles, or after what I am permitted to call my own. Here is the place for the testimony of experience, and this can never be surrounded. We may become false to it, for Judas betrayed his Christ; when he betrayed his brother, and every religious persecutor does the same; whether consciously or unconsciously, depends upon his degree of opened soul, or his attainment in the stature of truth. Truth is immortal—not as a figure of speech, a beauty of poetry—but in its nature immortal. It knows no diminution, no corruption, no perversion, no death. We may diminish ourselves in its knowledge and power; we may pervert and ensue our faculties to discover, receive and enjoy truth; we may corrupt our minds and hearts so that they almost or quite cease to reflect it. In a word, we may degenerate to the dull, sensual plane of bruteism and seek to hallow it by the holy name of Christ and God, or Humanity and Heaven; but God and Truth remain the same, and we never come to enjoy either until we become true to ourselves and the Truth-like, God-like impress of Divinity we bear. Sacred and inviolate, like the pure sky above us, it lives; and though clouds may hide it from our eyes, it hides it not from itself. As men become more true to themselves, to the nature they inherit, to the universe of which they form a part, they ascend in harmony with its eternal laws, and behold what men less true idolatrously worship, or distastefully blaspheme, or fight over.

Truth is the same in nature, though infinite in the degree of its reflections. Mathematics is the same in its nature; but how wide the degree of its reflections in the negro, who cannot tell the number of his fingers, and La Place, who calculates the lines of the stars; and yet who would compare either to the mathematics of God? Music is the same in the lonely murmuring of the forest brook and in the anthem of Beethoven; yet who could ever rationally think of music as exhausted in its sweet melodies and entrancing harmony. Poetry is the same in the rude ballad of the Druid band and the lofty conceptions that flow through Harris; but eternity will never exhaust its power to move and elevate. Philosophy is the same in the Mexican, who fabricates the wheels of his cart from the bark of the elm; and in the sublime reasoning of Davis; but its field is the universe, and its lessons are for all time. So Jesus, and every spiritually illuminated soul, declares truth, but does not exhaust it—performs many wonderful and loving works, but few promises, in that very performance, that his disciples shall do greater.

We reverence the past, then, because it reveals the links in the chain of an eternal Providence; but we use the present as our day, that the chain be neither buried nor broken; for we too live, move and have our being in God, as well as they who have passed through the earthly life, and our day will answer for us as well as it will for them, according to their fidelity and devotion.

Now these truths are so simple, so self-evident, that we wonder that they should ever be questioned; but we do not wonder at the terrible results that inevitable follow wherever they are disregarded. Dark and fearful despotism in government; furious and bitter scorning and

persecution in churches; frowning and hideous superstitions in religion; families separated; knowledge despised; science neglected, and the earth mourning, beneath the inhabitants who, deliver the assassin and crucify the Saviour, are the dread issues of a prostration of reason, and a disregard of the eternal privileges it secures. But, perhaps, it would be well to note some of the common appeals by which it is justified.

Because the Bible contains many divine disclosures, and is made the foundation of much that is good and indispensable in human society, therefore, a very plausible appeal is made to popular prejudices in opposition to every disclosure upon man's moral and spiritual relations, as it would subvert the morality and religion man instinctively regards. But this appeal presumes upon an unwarrentable ignorance, and thus shows itself more fatal to the good order of society and the elevation of man, than any perversion of a real privilege can possibly be. We have need only to ask: Has not every discovery in science and skill in the arts been condemned by the very men who were enjoying their advantages, under the influence of the blind bigotry and slavish reverence of those who were the professed exponents of Bibles and records? Is the Bible, then, opposed to knowledge? Does it fear the light? Can a communication from God be endangered by spreading it before the world? Is man capable of judging for himself?—and if not, who are they who presume to judge for him? What lineage do they bear that gives the right to lord it over the conscience of their fellows? Are they not men of like passions and frailties with their kind? Let their history and present position answer.

But, in answering this last question, we probe this difficulty to its core. We extend the question and ask, whence came this Biblical record? What favored ages in human history does it cover? What are the sublime and heavenly practices that characterized its heroes? Were they men or gods? Or, if more under the influence of truth than others, was it not because they were more true?—more true to themselves and their God?—that is, more to the same minds we bear, the same universe we live in, the same God over and in us all.

Let us open the Book and see; for we have studied it from our childhood. It tells us that man was created perfect; that he fell, and the vast majority of its devotees say so fell, as to involve himself and all his descendants in a depravity of nature that exposes him to all the ills of the present life, and to the pains of eternal torture in the life to come. Here we ask, can nature be depraved?

Character may be, but how can God's own nature, which man is represented to have received by Divine in-breathing, be depraved? Can you corrupt the Deity? This is like corrupting or exhausting truth!

But farther: the evil degenerates; God grieves that he created it; destroys it with a flood only to make its condition hopelessly worse in the hell beyond, and saves one man and his family. We would expect that this man would be pure, and better fulfill the ends of creation that seems, upon a first experiment, to have failed. But what does the sequel prove? He worships it, it is true; but lies down into drunkenness and obscenity, and rises up to curse the child that laughs at his folly!

But do you tell me that he is not a good example? I answer, is Abraham, denying the wife of his bosom and repeating the denial? Is Jacob, wrenching the paternal blessing from a tender and starving brother by deceiving a blind father? Are Judah and his brethren, in their envy of Joseph and his sale to the traffickers in human flesh of those days?

Or is Moses the object of your admiration—for he, as the others, is worthy on many accounts. Behold him, like a thief in the night, casting his eyes before and behind, and whom the record says, "was a man after God's own heart," is free from the mortal taint. Read the 109th Psalm, and answer to your own consciences and to your God. He prays that his enemy may be condemned when judged; that the iniquity of his father and the sin of his mother may not be forgotten; that his innocent wife may be a widow and his unfeeling children beggars; that an executioner may catch his goods; that his posterity may be blotted out, and that God may never forgive him. Now contrast this with a descendant of his who lived a God among such men, who, in the agonies of a shameless crucifixion, prays to his God to forgive the viles of enemies; for, says he, "they know not what they do." Would Noah, or Abraham, or Moses, or David, have desired their enemies with them in Paradise, as Jesus promised one of the vilest of mankind?

But why refer to these facts? It is to show that the moral frailty to which you and your kind are subject, belonged to the men who wrote and who are biographically sketched in your Bible. Divine truth is in it, we do not deny, but rejoice to believe and prove upon all fitting occasions. But human error is equally manifest, and its shadow is cast in the selfishness, bigotry and cruelty of the present age. The Bible, Patriarchs, and Apostles delivered truth in exact proportion as they were true. You do the same. Where they failed, we should not fall, and where they attained to spiritual knowledge, peace and joy, we may attain and glorify the same exhaustless Providence that made John the Baptist superior to Moses, and the Prophets, and who, through Jesus, in word and deed, reveals the truth, "that the least in the kingdom of Heaven may be greater than John."

Are we true to our nature, discipline opportunities and privileges? If so, what is our hope? Is it built upon a record that covers a period of some five thousand years, and fragmentary at that—that has been handed down from generation to generation without the

facilities for printing and preserving that you possess—that has been collected, altered, added to and subtracted from, according as ambitious monarchs and corrupted priesthoods have felt inclined or believed would best serve their interests?—a record appealed to, to substantiate the claims of every conflicting sect, from the Romani to the Mormon? Or do you build your hopes upon the cultivation of your own nature by its aid and all other aid, and if so, do you not commune with the immortal friends that have gone before, as did Abraham, Moses, John, and all the prophets whose authority you have so blindly revered?

This is the question. If with all their faults and frailties they communed with the spiritual world, how claim you to be their disciples, while I would hope, with less impunity, you know not the end of your earthly pilgrimage, and deny the possibility knowing? If God is the same—if the human mind is the same—if the ancients, who, with their faults recorded, enjoyed this privilege, why do you not enjoy it?

I testify, then, in common with hundreds and thousands of this age, that the privilege still exists, and its advantages, like the advantages of every privilege in nature, depends upon our faithfulness to ourselves and to God. Its purposes and ends need not be stated, for they would not be believed, except as we come to appreciate and enjoy this natural birth-right and indestructible prerogative of every human being.

But am I told, we have never seen ministering spirits, and our ears are never saluted by their heavenly voices? I answer: have you ever seen God, or Christ, or the Prophets? And is sight the measure of human knowledge and bliss? Do you deny the existence of an ocean, because you cannot see it? Does the reality of blindness or limited vision destroy the light of Heaven, and the glory of God? And so every objection you urge—and you ought to urge them to yourselves, at least—will but reveal the solemnity and power of that greatest of all truths, that is the exact proportion in which we are faithful to ourselves and the God-like facilities we possess; God, and Heaven, and heavenly influences find their reflection in us.

If we believe, then, let us speak—if we believe not, we are darkness condemns us, and, in every serious hour, the immortal instincts of our nature will seek for Light.

"And so our life will flow From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream. In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure Shall yet be mirrored; then when shapes of ill Shall hover round its surface, it shall glide in Light. And take no shadow from them!"

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